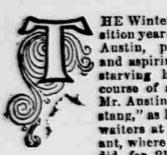
The Puzzling Adventure of a Young American in Paris.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



HE Winter of the great Exposition yearsaw Mr. C. Augustus Austin, present philosopher course of art study in Paris. | tated before he made the deal. Mr. Austin, or "Monsieur Ohwaiters at the Golden Pheaswas a tall, pale, serious-looking American, who said:

had trained himself to endure anything on this planet, except the glance of a pretty woman. In the matter of pretty women's glances Mr. Austin was a distinct and dismal failure, And yet the women themselves, barring their eyes, he admired above all things, but it was with a critical, classical admiration which made him much prefer them in marble and bronze to the | said: fesh-and-blood articles.

dent Austin, at once so timid and heroic, found himself face to face with a desperately pretty | good evening." woman, and-but the sequel will tell what he did. Austin the philosopher was strolling the bonlevards, calm and severe in the midst of which lay on the table. pleasure scenes and pleasure-seekers. As the throng thickened he straightened up, pulled at his yellow mustache, and told himself it was all long line of heliday booths grated on his ears | who has never gambled." with their cries, and the gay shop-windows called forth his stern disapproval as calculated to make people spend money in nonsense. As for the crowd itself, he regarded them in a general way as fools, except the women, whom he | hardly contain the load.

did not regard at all. So he kept on his way for about an hour. busy with his reflections, until he suddenly became aware that he had turned into one of the | part with it." quiet resident avenues near the Champs Elysees, and that a young woman, stylishly dressed, was walking a few steps before him. a remarkably pretty young woman. The pose of her head was as good as anything he had seen in the Louvre. She was tall, with a full in her movements worthy of Diana. He parolive-golden tinting so beautiful in some of David's pictures. She was certainly an exquiscase, this lady must have full, red lips, and a alive?" pair of goddess eyes, not black or brown, like "No; she died last year." an every-day brunet, but blue, under a dark "Have you a sister?" an every-day brunet, but blue, under a dark

"Ah, what a splendid statue that woman would have made," he sighed, and then sud- and by your sister's honor that you will never denly remembered that the subject of his again while you live play cards for money or analysis was not a beautiful piece of stone, but | gamble in any way whatever. I want you to alive, very much so, indeed, and might at any swear that." moment turn and rend with her glances Austin the woman-fearer. He quaked at this thought, and as he quaked the lady stopped, faced squarely about, and looked him in the face with just such deep-blue, heavily-fringed eyes as he had pictured, except that there were tears in them. Opening the reddest of lips over the whitest of teeth, the fair stranger addressed him with the result that he, the bold French was pure enough for the Academy, and her voice had such music in its tones as Austin had never heard save on the one momentous good thing, it was not to be compared in genoccasion when he had gone to the Comedie Francaise. Her lip quivered as she spoke. "I am in great trouble, Monsieur. My

forced calm which tells of desperation. Austin's timidity gave way to utter amazement. Here was the fairest woman he had actually asking him, poor devil of a Latin Quarter student, to help her. Would the sky fall next? For the first time in his life he felt the glow of chivalry warming his pulses. He replied, coloring to the roots of his yellow hair, and speaking a more atrocious French

friends and family have failed me when I

need them most. Can you, oh, Mon Dieu,

than usual: you probably have never seen. I have five the war?-M. J. GRIMSHAW, Callao, Mo. francs, though, which you are welcome to if you will take them. I wish I had more."

looked at him silently, thinking.

"Walk with me," she said, "a little way, and tell me your story. You misunderstood me. I do not want your money, but you may

help me, perhaps, in a better way." Very awkwardly Austin offered the lady his arm, and they walked together for a long time, he telling her how he had left America two years before with a small store of savings, and come to Paris to study. As he went on with his simple tale of ambition and self-denial, the young woman's eyes burned brighter, and

if a prey to some emotion she could scarce control. "And during all these months you have lived in Paris you have had no pleasures? no nights of gayety such as other young men enjoy? nothing but work?"

Austin shook his head and admitted that such was the case. "And have you never played cards-never

gambled?" "Jamais," said Austin, with the emphasis of lofty resolution, and the word being a short one, he pronounced it tolerably well.

His companion stopped again abruptly, tapped a gloved finger on her full lip as she reflected, and then hailing a carriage, said: "Come, it may be my salvation and yours,

Bewildered, but drawn on by some force which he did not understand, Austin entered the carriage after his mysterious companion, and they were driven away rapidly to an ad-Presently the carriage entered a courtyard lit powdered wigs received them.

"Do not be afraid; follow me," the fair lady whispered, as they passed into a vestibule banked with flowers. Then she said a few tin by the arm and led him into a dressingroom, where a domino was given him. Hardly knowing what he was doing, he put it on as known triend, she, too, being similarly dis- burg, Pa. guised.

"Now give me your arm and come this way," obe said.

They passed through a ball-room crowded with masked dancers, and entering another room, equally brilliant, at the farther end they found themselves in a sort of hall furnished women were sitting about green-covered tables absorbed in some occupation which Austin entirely failed to comprehend. He saw, however, that each person had before him a pile of gold and bank notes, as well as pieces of ivory of different colors. Some of the piles were large nd some small, and the players seemed to be moving the money back and forth like clerks in a counting-house. Austin wondered vaguely If they were gambling, but he knew so little about it that he was ashamed to ask. So he simply continued to wonder and await developments. He did not have to wait very long. His friend drew from her purse a roll of bills and a handful of gold. She emptied the purse. "Take this," she said, "and lay it down on

one of these tables." Austin looked at the money placed in his hands in a stupid sort of way, and then said:

"Which table?" "Either one you please."

"I'll take this one," he said, going up to the nearest table. "Where shall I lay it?" "Wherever you please."

He laid the bundle of notes and the gold on the side of the table pearest to him. The man on the other side did something with the cards, said something, and then shoveled over a pile of money and gold, which he added to what Austin had laid on the cloth.

"Tout is yours, Monsieur," said the man. "What shall I do now," be asked. "Whatever you like," was her only answer. Not knowing what to do he did nothing, and e man with the cards made another move-

sum of money, which went with the rapidlyincreasing pile. Twice in his utter ignorance Austin risked the entire sum before him, win-ning both times, and both times tripling his capital on a three-to-one chance; but of that he knew nothing. By this time every one in the room was staring with amazement at the two masked figures who were playing a game of such reckless magnitude as had not been seen in the place since the German Prince had sand francs were lying on the table. "Does it all go again?" asked the man across

the table. "What shall I do?" asked Austin, whose heart had almost stopped beating.
"Whatever you please," whispered his companion, but her fingers clutched his arm so that and aspiring portrait painter, it pained him. Again be did nothing. The starving his way through a man with the cards was very white, and hesi-

"I'll risk it, if he's the devil," he muttered, stang," as he was called by the | and once more the coup was given and came in Austin's favor. The man who was dealing rose ant, where he dined, when he from his seat, called two other men to him, and did, for 21 cents vin compris, after a whispered consultation one of them

"We will pay you 150,000 france, Monsieur, of your winnings in a few moments, as soon as my associate can bring the notes: the balance, which is 90,000 francs, still due you, I shall be obliged to pay by check at the Credit Lyonnais. I trust that is satisfactory to you." Then turning to the rest of the company he

"Gentlemen, I am obliged to announce that Nevertheless, on a certain night, this same stu- | the bank is broken, and there will be no more play until to-morrow night. I wish you all

It took Austin some time to assist his friend in gathering up the mountain of gold and notes

"You have won over 300,000 francs," whispered the lady as they walked away. "Half of it is yours, half mine. I told you we were both a tandry and frivolous show. The fakirs in the saved. It is not often one meets a man in Paris

Seeing, but not comprehending, hearing, but feeling as if it was all a dream, Austin the philosopher took the bundle of winnings which his friend thrust upon him. His pockets could

"Now," she said, gayly, "you will have something to keep company with your fivefranc piece. If I had that piece I would never

'Take it," said Austin, and she did. They walked again out into the night, the masks having been left behind. The woman's A closer look convinced him that she must be | tears were gone and her face now bore an expression of confidence and triumph. Once

more she called a carriage. "I am going to leave you now, my friend bust, and there was a freedom and supple grace | and you will never see me again. You will never know who I am or why I spoke to you ticularly admired the heavy coil of glossy black | to-night, and you never can imagine from what hair, worn low on a neck whose skin had that | horrors you have saved me. The money you played was all that stood between me and ruin -or worse. I think it was the bon Dieu acting ite creature, and Austin the artist decided through you as his agent, I am sure it was. forthwith by inductive reasoning that, unless | Before I say adieu I want you to make me a nature had been a hopeless blunderer in her promise. Tell me, young man, is your mother

"Then swear to me by your mother's grave

"I swear it," said Austin. "And now I want you to tell me if you have ever kissed a woman since you have been in Paris." Austin managed some how, in spite of burn-

ing blushes, to say that he had not. "Then kiss me now, and after that good-by." Austin did as he was directed, and as he thought over the events of the evening on his philosopher, nearly fainted on the spot. Her | way to his lonely home in the Latin Quarter he came to the conclusion that while the 150,000 and odd francs he had in his pocket was a very eral excellence or in any other way with that one and only kiss given him by the fairest woman he ever saw, never seen by him before nor since.

Of course this was a very absurd conclusion will you, help me?" She spoke with that to come to, for the 150,000 francs altered the whole course of "Monsieur Obstang's" life, and was the foundation on which was built up his subsequent brilliant career as a painter of porever seen, with the dress and air of a princess, traits. Nevertheless, he maintained then, and does yet, I believe, that the kiss was worth more than the money.

The 73d Ohio.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: What regiments composed the Third Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Corps? What corps did the "I am very sorry, madam, but I am only a 73d Ohio belong to before it was in the Twenpoor artist. I live close under the roof in a tieth Corps? Who were the regimental officers wretched hotel in the students' quarter such as of the 73d Ohio during the entire service in

[The Third Brigade, Third Divison, Twentieth Corps was composed of the 20th Conn., Austin drew the five-franc piece from his 33d Mass., 136th N. Y., 55th and 73d Ohio, and pocket and handed it to the fair lady with a 26th Wis. Before the Eleventh and Twelfth feeling of almost guilty humiliation. She Corps were consolidated, making the Twentieth Corps, the 73d Ohio belonged to Second Brigade, Second Division, Eleventh Corps. The regimental officers of the 73d Ohio were Col. Orland Smith; Lieut.-Cols. Jacob Hyer, Richard Lang, and Samuel H. Hurst; Maj. Thomas W. Higgins; Surgeons Jonas P. Safford, Isaac N. Himes, and John C. Preston; Assistant Surgeons James Sickafoos, Wm. Richeson, and Smith D. Steer; Adjutants Fred. C. Smith, B. F. Stone, John Spence, Samuel R. Peters, I. N. Hawkins, and John B. Smith; Quatermasters Wm. D. Wesson, R. M. Rogers, Wm. H. she gripped his arm nervously now and then, as Eckman, and James Earl; Chaplain Joseph J. Hill. The 73d was one of the fighting regiments given by Fox, losing 171 officers and men killed or died of wounds .- EDITOR NA-TIONAL TRIBUNE.

The 87th Ohio.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you please inform me through your valuable paper to what corps the 87th Ohio was assigned, if any? It was part of the forced under Miles captured at Harper's Ferry in Settember, 1862. -W. H. ROBINSON, Adjutant, John Kell Post. 241, G.A.R., Department of Ohio; Private, Co. I, 87th Ohio, Franklin, O.

The 87th Ohio was in the Railroad District of the Middle Department. The troops in the district, under the order of the War Department, were embraced in the Eighth Corps, but the organization of this Corps by brigades and divisions was not completed until after the capture of Harper's Ferry in September, 1862, and dress which she had spoken to the driver, until after the muster-out of the 87th Ohio, which was a three-months regiment. Conseup with lanterns as if for a fete. Flunkeys in | quently it was never in fact attached to any

corps.-EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.] The Second Highest Loss.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you words to one of the attendants, who took Aus- | kindly publish a short history of the 83d Pa., giving their loss, compared with other regiments from Pennsylvania, or with any troops in service during war of 1861 to 1865 .- L. D. directed, and was presently joined by his un- KELLEY, Corporal, Co. H, 83d Pa., Harmons-

[The 83d Pa. is one of the 300 fighting regiments given by Col. Fox, having lost 11 officers and 271 men killed or died of wounds, and two officers and 151 men died of disease, in prison, of accidents, etc. This loss was exceeded only by the 5th N. H., and the 83d is therefore the second infantry regiment of the entire Union entirely in green, where groups of men and army in point of loss. The 5th N. H. lost 295 men killed or died of wounds .- EDITOR NA-TIONAL TRIBUNE.

Whittier's Poetic Character.

[Century.] It has been said till it says itself that Whittier was the people's poet. This is true; but he was more than that. He was the poet of a broad humanity, and he was the poet of a living faith. His songs of freedom, which, perhaps, in his heart's depths he cherished more than any other phase of his life's work, were superb outbursts. He sang them as the prophets of Israel spoke in their holy trances. The spirit of God constrained him. He was a literary Hebrew. Of course it scarcely need be said that he was no Hellene. The Hellene does not trouble himself about "causes." In Whittier the sense of moral responsibility awoke his genius. His "artless art," as it has been well called, was best developed in his later years. when the freed slave and the saved country gave an interval of rest to that uncompromising New England conscience which is vaguely labeled Puritan by the outside intelligence of London, Paris, or New York, and which is liable to make the greatest failures and the greatest successes in American litera-

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the only champion the soldiers have among the great papers of the country. The best way to help alagain shoveled over an immense veterans is by getting it more subscribers.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S BALL.

ruined himself two years before. Eighty thou- Already a Doubt Exists as to the House in which it was Held.

BY DAVID FITZGERALD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

There was a sound of revelry by night, And Belgium's capital had gathered there, Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men A thousand hearts beat happily; and when Music arose with its voluptuous swell, Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, And all went merry as a marriage bell. But, hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell."

A well-known elergyman of Washington, in recent discourse delivered by him relative to a trip to Enrope, stated that while in the city of Brussels he was shown three different places, each claiming to be the location of that "high hall" wherein sat "Brunswick's fated Chieftain." in other words, the location of that famous ball given by the Duchess of Richmond to the Duke of Wellington and the officers of the Allied Army on the eve of that "first and

last of fields, king-making victory "-Waterloo. This is very curious, especially to middleaged people of to-day; for that any doubt could exist about the house wherein that ball was held is simply ludicrous, or at least one would think so. For example, the Duke of Wellington himself did not die until the September of 1852, and Soult, who was Napoleon's Major-General during the Waterloo campaign, until the November following, and a number of officers, English, Prussian, Belgian, Dutch, Hanoverian, who might easily have been at that ball, and no doubt were, have died within the last decade. Yet is the location already disputed. Well might Byron say:

"I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,

And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of

In his "Charles O'Malley," Lever says: Whether we regard the illustrious and distinguished personages who thronged around, or we think of the portentous moment in which it was given, the Duchess of Richmond's ball, on the night of the 15th of June, 1815, was not only one of the most memorable, but in its interest the most exciting entertainment that the memory of anyone now living can compass." He then proceeds to give an account of the ball itself, introducing Sir Thomas Picton, Lord Uxbridge, the Prince of Orange, and others now forgotten, but who were then the cynosure of the eyes of all Europe. Until the downfall of Napoleon in the Spring of 1814, the conti- his bad ones. 803, except the unfortunate subjects of Great Britain whom the Emperor found in the French dominions at this latter date, and whom he very kindly detained as prisoners, as an offset to some French vessels seized by the British when war was declared. During these 11 years, with very few exceptions, no British subjects visited France, except as prisoners of war; consequently when Napoleon took his departure for the Island of Elba, and the Bourbons occupied the Tuilleries, the English flocked to France, and particularly to Paris, literally in shoals. And there they reveled, feasted, and gamed to their heart's content, until the Eagle flying from steeple to steeple finally perched upon the towers of Notre Dame, and, then, what a scampering of the British hosts, what mad efforts to get across the border, where Wellington, with an allied army of British, Dutch-Belgian, Hanoverian, and Brunswick troops, held the line of the Belgian frontier from Mons to Ostend, having his headquarters in the gay, pleasure loving City of Brussels, and thither rushed his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen in great haste. Once there they felt safe, and, according to their usual wont, began to enjoy themselves. In addition to the tourists, the large number of staff and general officers, many of whom had their

families with them, and the presence of a large British garrison, helped to swell the society of this pleasant capital, and there was a continued round of festivity and gaiety. Napoleon and the French army, for all the thought that was given to them by these gay butterflies, might as well have been 20,000 miles off, they "resting unconscious of the gathering storm before them." Yet he was knocking loudly at their door, only 20 miles distant, where Ney, "the bravest of the brave," fighting hard, as was always his custom, was strenuously endeavoring to wrest from the allied grasp that junction of the two Belgian roads now famous in history as Quatre Bras. This was the night selected by the Duchess of Richmond for giving her ball, and, little anticipating what was to so im-

mediately follow it, everyone who could do so was agog to be there. It has been strongly alleged and just as strongly denied that Napoleon surprised the Duke of Wellington in this campaign, and the fact of the Duke having been present at this ball when the courier brought him the news that the Emperor had captured Charleroi, and was within 10 miles of Brussels, has given coloring to the surprise story. But as I am not writing a history of the Battle of Waterloo (there being a few extant already), but only an account of this ball, I will simply say that the few officers of his staff who were aware, with the Duke, that Napoleon meditated an attack, and that soon, suggested that the Duchess of Richmond be advised to postpone her entertainment: to which advice he would not listen, and good-humoredly remarked that "it would never do to disappoint a lady of her Grace's merits." And it was at his express desire that the officers who had been invited, especially those of his personal staff, should attend that many went to the ball who would perhaps have been otherwise engaged. It is stated that it had been binted to division and brigade commanders and those from the outposts that they should take their leaves early and repair to their respective commands. Gradually, one or two at a time, on various pretexts, they took their leave and repaired to their several posts. Maxwell, in his Life of Wellington, gives us this vivid pen picture of this anxious moment: "The second courier arrived from Blucher

after 12 o'clock on the night of the 15th, and the dispatches of the Marshal were delivered to the Duke of Wellington in the ball-room of the Duchess of Richmond. While he was reading them he seemed to be completely absorbed by their contents, and after he had finished he for some minutes remained in the same attievery surrounding object, while his countenance was expressive of fixed and intense thought. He was heard to mutter to himself. Marshal Blucher thinks-it is Marshal Blucher's opinion,' and after remaining abstracted a few minutes, and having apparently formed his decision, he gave his usual clear

and concise orders to one of his staff officers, who instantly left the room, and was again as gay and animated as ever; he stayed to supper and then went home. "Supper, however, was not served until late, and after it was over the Duke made a little speech, in which he returned thanks for a toast

by the Prince of Orange. "Within a windowed niche of that high hall

Bate Brunswick's fated chieftair "And one of the ball traditions has it that when the courier announced the news to Wellington, Brunswick, who had a little child slumbering on his lap, started from his seat so hastily that the little one rolled violently upon

"'He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting

As many of the British officers had to hurry to their commands at once direct from the ball-room with the suits worn there still upon their backs and thin shoes on their feet, one can imagine how heartily they must have "cussed" the whole affair as they tramped from Brussels to Quatre Bras, fought there the whole of the 16th, and then retreated back to Mount St. Jean in the tremendous rain that fell on the evening and night of the 17th, turning the fields into quagmires. Yet still it was an oceasion long to be remembered, and one cannot help wondering is there anyone now alive who attended that ball over 77 years ago?

One who will live as long as the English language exists we know was there, our clever, versatile, but somewhat erratic little friend, Becky Sharp. Thackeray, who is one of the mediums by which the occurrence of the ball is best known to the English speaking people, tells us in Vanity Fair: "There never was since

the days of Darius such a brilliant train of camp-followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries in 1815; and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball, which a noble Duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the abovenamed year, is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it; and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period, that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation." Becky, of course, had a ticket, for, as she charmingly expressed it. "We are on the staff,

you know," and no doubt enjoyed it hugely. Mai. Dobbin (old Dobbin, who that knows him does not love him,) was there. Capt. George Osborne was there with his Amelia. How familiar the great novelist makes us with the scene: it almost becomes a reality to us. Dear old Peggy O'Dowd was, not invited, but staid at home, looking out for her Colonel's being comfortably prepared for the merrow, it being her belief that there would be a ball danced tomorrow to a tune they were little dreaming of. And she was right. While Becky is enjoying quite an ovation in the ball room, and Amelia aits quite disconsolate, "The enemy has passed the Sambre," says Dobbin to George Osborne, "and our left is already engaged. Come away-we are to march in three hours." And so on to Quatre Bras and Waterloo, on which field at night lies George Osborne, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

One would think that it would have paid the city of Brussels to have purchased that residence and kept it intact for all time, so that the room might be shown for successive generations to those who, with a taste in that direction, would try and people it with ghosts-the phantoms of those who d weed and made merry there on that June evening. It would have paid for itself in time, viewing it from a sordid standpoint; for of all balls known to history none have ever made so much noise or left such a mark as that of the Duchess of Richmond.

Gen. Butler's Wit and Loyalty to Friends-His Life on His Yacht. [Baltimore Sun.]

Mr. W. A. Lewis, of Baltimore, said yester-"I became closely and intimately acquainted with Gen. Butler when he ran for Governor of Massachusetts in 1882. That he had for many years cherished an ambition to be Governor of Massachusetts I learned from his own lips during the campaign. That he hoped to be President of the United States he emphatically denied. He knew he was too unpopular with the South to stand any chance of a Presidential nomination. His frankness regarding himself was a pleasing characteristic. He knew every fault he possessed. He also knew his virtues. He believed his good qualities outnumbered

nent of Europe had been practically closed to "I am a good friend, but a devilish bad counting all the expenses that the average the British, since the rupture of the treaty of enemy,' he was wont to say. Then he would wearer of an artificial leg is put to by reason slyly say, with a singular smile, 'I believe of the same, \$25 a year will not more th you've heard me make that remark?' Then, compensate him.-D. L. LEE, Sergeant, Co. E, again, he would say, as he rolled the unlighted | 71st Ohio, Troy, O. cigar in his mouth and clasped his hands back of his head and stretched out his legs, 'Why is it people don't take as much pains to understand me as they do to know others? I'm the most misunderstood man in America—the most hated, the most misjudged, the most censured. the most unhappy (sometimes) on that account. It isn't my nature to be brawling all the time, but you know I can't be sat on, and somehow people think the only way to fight me is to abuse me, ridicule my looks and condemn my every motive.' Then he would shake his

head and fall into a reverie. "On his electioneering trip he was the life of the party. He made four or five, and sometimes six and seven, speeches daily, of greater or less length, and when the day was ended he became like a boy with his jest, his joke, his story, and his side-shaking laughter. He was very fond of children, and they used to climb up on the car occasionally. He would call them in, ask them some questions, give them a dime or so, laugh at their cute replies, and then dismiss them. Once, when we were at Springfield, a bevy of children climbed into the car. The General called them inside, and asked one little sunny-haired girl if she knew who he was? 'You're Gen. Butler,' was her prompt reply. 'How do you know I'm Gen. Butler?' he inquired, interestedly. 'Because you're cockeyed,' was the brave answer. And the General laid back in his chair, and laughed until the tears ran down his face. When he became composed, he said: 'That's fame for you. That's individual eminence. Even the rising generation know of my might!' Then he roared again. That little girl received a

silver dollar and a kiss. "Gen. Butler was at his happiest aboard his yacht, the America. His skipper was Capt. James Read, an old Boston pilot, a sailing master of skill, and a man of whom the General was especially fond. On the yacht Butler was as happy as a child, full of anecdote, fond of laughing over the discomfiture of his political enemies and his legal opponents, always delighted if he could have a party of young ladies and gentlemen about him, and the personification of gallantry and courtliness. He took especial delight in running his yacht before or against a gale-it made no difference. Clad in a suit of oilskins he would take a seat in the stearn, and when the sea would break over him, and drench everything, he would shout with the morriment of a child. He had his larder and wine box always stocked with the very best, and living on the America was luxurious. On these expeditions he would positively refuse to receive those who came aboard to ply him with political or legal questions, and with an utter abandon of all business matters, he would interest himself closely in whatever interested his companions, discussing social matters with his lady guests, and sports and amusements with his male associates. Gen. Butler was fond of good eating and drinking, but he was never a man of licentious habits, and there was nothing he despised in an-

other man more than that. Mrs. Butler, who, before her marriage, was Sarah Hildreth, the actress, died of a cancer in the face. The General's devotion to her was touching. Since her decease he has never seemed altogether the same. Mrs. Butler was a very handsome woman. She didn't marry the General for his beauty, but she admired him first for his brains, and loved him later for

his goodness and kindness of heart. "Nothing that was funny or ludicrous ever escaped Gen. Butler. His wit was as clear as his satire was cutting. Once, after some of his characteristic badinage with a lady, she exclaimed: 'Oh, General, what a delicious lover you must have been; you say nice things so sweetly, and you can smile the edge off the keenest thrust.' When reference was made to some of his famous remarks he would immediately explain how that remark happened to be made, saying: 'I want you to know the circumstances under which I said that, and then

you will appreciate it more." "Gen. Butler was reverential, but not plous. He disliked taking cases he felt he couldn't win. He was very jealous of his success. All the eccentricities he possessed-such as chewing on the stump of a cigar in open court, puffing and blowing during the examination of witnesses, striding up and down in front of the jury, wearing boutonieres on all occasions, and making a great stew when he entered any assembly-all to the health of the Prince Regent, proposed these were originally done for effect, but as he

aged they became a part of his nature. "Gen. Butler was charitable, and at the same time inflexible in the matter of trifles. If he dates at the recent election .- J. B. Sherwood, liked you he would do anything for you, and fight tensciously for you if other people were trying to down you. Let apybody get down on you, then he was your friend, and once your friend (if you never deceived him) he was your friend forever. But if you betrayed him he would smile grimly and say: 'There's a pot boiling for -. He will live to regret the day

he became my enemy.' "Gen. Butler was far from being the decrepit man he appeared in having his colored attend-ant with him all the time. He was very heavy, and one of his ankles was weak from an old accident during the war, and he didn't dare trust himself to do much walking without an attendant upon whose arm he could lean to take the weight off that ankle. But for a man who had been handled as roughly as he had Gen. Butler was of a very vigorous nature, and his mercury of life was warmed up into a high place in the glass of time by those almost inaudible chuckles he would give a hundred times a day, when he would squint and wink and look-no one could tell where-but he would, nevertheless, be 'dead onto' you if you tried to monkey with him, or imagined you could beat the

sleeping lion." Take Hood's and only Hood's, because Hood's ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

Dr. Perley's Argument Torn to Pieces by a One-Legged Soldier. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I would like to say a few words in reference to what Dr. Perley, of the Surgeon-General's Office, said to Representative Sayers, of Texas, about artificial limbs, as detailed in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Jan. 5. It is certainly a misstatement of facts, and very misleading. I don't see how a single claim agent can receive any benefit by having the time reduced from five years to three years. As is well known to every soldier that is entitled to an artificial limb, or commutation for same, all he has to do is to write the Surgeon-General and state which he wants, when the proper papers will be forwarded to him to be filled out and returned, when the voucher will be sent to him. It is just as easy as getting our pension papers filled out for our quarterly pay, and we all know that there is not a particle of need for the services of a claim agent to do that. And when the Doctor says "that there is not the slightest reason why artificial limbs should be renewed even every five years, let alone every three years, as one limb would last a man from six to eight years with the hardest

kind of wear, and some would last a lifetime," he is simply "talking through his hat." Now, by reason of a little army impediment, having been knocked out at the battle of Nashville, I have been wearing an artificial leg since 1865, and I know by experience that it costs me even more than this law gives me to keep myself supplied with artificial legs, and all the incidental expenses thereto. I don't know how it is with all who wear artificial legs. No doubt, some wear a leg much longer than others. Then, again, some spend more money on artificial limbs than I do. So I presume I am about the average, both as to wear and the price. I have never yet got a leg but what I paid more for it than the Government allowance, namely, \$75. I am now wearing my fourth leg, which I

got five or six years ago. I got a new foot for it last year, and within the next year or so will be obliged to get a new leg. For the first leg I paid \$150, the others from \$85 to \$100; but this is not all, and something many lose RECOLLECTIONS OF BUTLER | sight of. The expense of getting the leg costs nearly as much as the leg itself. Railroad fares and hotel bills while in the city being fitted, besides the expense of repairs, lacers, cords, springs, and the many things needed to keep the old leg going, costs money, and should be taken into consideration when calculating the expenses to the wearers of artificial limbs. True, the law allows us transportation when we get a leg on a Government order. But very few take the order. They take the commutation—the \$75 only. I have never taken the order yet, from the fact that when it was due I didn't just at that time need a new leg, so I took the money instead, and no doubt that is why so many take the money when the order is due for a leg. And this is much cheaper to the Government, as in many instances long railroad fares are saved. As the law now stands we get \$75 every three years, and I sincerely hope that it will not be repealed, for, I believe,

VERY GOOD PENSIONS. What Retired Officers of the Army Receive

in Lieu Thereof. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Your admirable criticism on Gen. John Gibbon's letter has raised the inquiry in my mind of " How much is the Government of the United States paying to retired officers?" I mean officers retired not for disability acquired in the service. but by reason of age or length of service. These men who received such high rewards for services because of the education they had received at the public expense, will learn, if I am not much mistaken, when they have succeeded in convincing the people of the United States that military service rendered in time of war merits no reward, they will convince them that very highly paid service in time of peace does not entitle men to pensions averaging a great many times as much as those paid for war services. Ido not draw any pension, but have just had to give up the best place I ever had because opposite, else the fit of the gown will be The material here used is white-spangled gause, of disability directly traceable to service in the army in time of war; and I am to be called ugly names by these men if I ask for five per cent.

of the pension Gen. Gibbon receives. Please let us know how much these men, educated and supported from childhood by the Government, and whose elegant leisure can be filled in no better way than growling at the same Government for the pittance given to the private soldiers who suffered for years till 30th part of the amount allowed to these men. If the pensions are to be cut off let us begin by equalizing them. The calling it relieved from duty on pay will not do; it is as much a pension as the pittance received by the private. Let us have some statistics .- A SOLDIER NOT A PENSIONER.

The Army Register for 1893 is not yet out.

THE TOT TOOK SHOWER OF THE TECH		Mar.
		Pay per
		year.
Major-Generals	4	\$5,625
Brigadier-Generals	32	4,125
Colonels		2,625
Lieutenant-Colonels		2,250
Majors	59	1,875
Captains	189	1,500
First Lieutenants	86	1,250
Second Lieutenants	17	1,050
Chaplains	21	1,350
FRITOR NATIONAL	TRI	RUNE 1

-EDITOR NATIONAL IRIBUNE. A Plea for American Independence.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: There is a large element throughout the United States appealing to the Governmen for a large issue of fiat money. I, in my humble opinion, think that if the farmers would study cause and effect a little more, and diversify their products and adopt the Jeffersonian plan of American independence of other nations, it would be much better for all concerned. For instance, if the people could only be educated to the toleration of the protection given to infant industries, such as the manufacture of sugar and the tin and various other industries, also flag culture, until we could produce what we consume, and thus save to the people, direct, from \$100,000,000 to \$200 .-000,000 per year, with the balance of trade that we already have of nearly \$200,000,000 per year, it would be more conducive of stable prosperity and add more money to our volume of currency than anything that could be done, and

in any other way. THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE gave us an able article on the above subject a few years ago, but it has omitted them of late. The principle is of such vital importance to the American citizens that it should be kept before them until they see and realize its great beneficence. Were the American citizens to fully establish these principles of American independence—of keeping at home every dollar that is sent abroad each year for things that we can produce here-it would soon release every farm of its mortgage and make us the most independent

and prosperous Nation in the world. These principles should be discussed as nonpartisan, as it affects all parts of the country, and each individual alike, except, perhaps, the importer.-JACOB G. MATLICK, Co. B, 5th W. Va. Cav., Kirksville, Mo.

Popular Vote for President.

the popular vote for the Presidential candi-

Linton, Ind.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please give

Cleveland 5,172,343 273,314 Scattering ..

Democratic Union Soldiers in Congress. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you please tell me the number of Democratic Union soldiers there are in both the Senate and House of

Osgood, Ind. Three Senators and 27 Congressmen, who were elected as Democrats, and who served in the Union army, are serving in the 52d Congress.-EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE.]

Representatives, and oblige-Wells Johnson,

A Reliable Ally. [Portland Oregonian.]

Don Caffrey, who succeeds Gibson as Senator from Louisiana, is a sugar planter. He was a Lieutenant in the Confederate army, and can therefore be depended upon to act heartily with "the brave Buffalo boy who slapped the Sarsaparilla Curks. It possesses peculiar merit. pension beggars in the face."

It seems odd to us American women to hear her old ways when she returned to London, for | she lets the things alone. none of her set there go out unattended, and when a strange women is seen on the streets in London alone she is usually supposed to be a foreigner.



A dainty satin gown is made with a full skirt, trimmed with two or three rows of beads just above the hem. The satin is a shade between ecru and pale-yellow, and the crystal are the new scarfs for evening wear. The beads are shaded in the same tint. The sleeves | Spanish scarf of black lace and the crochetted and sash are Empire. The ruffled revers have "Fascinator" are not things of the past at queer little pointed lapels over them. The all; they are still very lapels are bead-embroidered. The band finishing the sleeve-puff is likewise decorated. The style is one that would be pretty for the brocaded satins so much worn now, or for a plain | for so long, however, silk gown. The pointed lapels can be omitted, that it is delightful to though they give an odd touch to the costume | have something differthat is quite charming.

holes, hooks and eyes must be placed exactly | the middle, tapering to four inches at the ends. spoiled. It is exactness in these and similar | the spangles being of gilt. It has two denbledetails that the amateur dress-maker must ruffles of the gauze around its edge. It takes strive for; otherwise her work will have the about three yards of the goods. These scarfs careless, awkward look that distinguishes some "home dress-making." In order to obtain accuracy as to the fastenings there are various a straight piece about two yards long and half methods. When two straight edges come a yard wide was of gauze that looked like together they can be placed opposite each with short lines at the proper intervals-one inch, except just above and below the waist line, where it is better to have the fastenings closer together and three-quarters of an inch space between them, proves more satisfactory. When the fastening is over one shoulder and under the arm the task is more difficult. Then the lapping edge must be basted in place (after the gown has been fitted), and a line marked on the under part at the edge of the lapping front. It is best to afterwards baste along this line, to insure its permanency. Then the proper intervals must be spaced off and the books and eyes sewed on so that the edge will lap exactly along the line.

Fine artificial flowers are often used to trim evening bodices, and very prettily, when the flowers selected are small and delicately col-

In making Saratoga chips the secret of success is to have the potatoes sliced as thinly as | with a frill made partly of chiffon and partly possible, and to soak them for at least six hours of feathers-first a few inches of one and then a in ice water before they are fried. Then, if few inches of the other. The feathers were quickly cooked in hot fat, they are delicious. pure white and looked like quill-ends, only They must not be too brown; a lighter color is they were quite broad and soft. The scarf, as more to be desired in this case.

Black wools brocaded with a tiny flower, or with a little set design, are made up into very useful street gowns. The skirts are made after the new styles, flaring a little at the bottom. The skirt gores are outlined with narrow bands | now on exhibition in the stores are very pretty, of black satin. The revers are of black satin | but seem entirely unnecessary. would give it permanency that cannot be done | and wool. The sleeves are leg-o'-mutton in style, with cuffs of black satin. Then there is a narrow vest of silk or crepe, matching the | Sorts of Human Things," has this to say about brightest shade of the flowers.



A party frock for a little maid is shown. It s of fine white silk mull. The yoke is formed | famous Excelsior Brigade next day or in the by tiny tucks, hand-run, and finished in a Third and the Twelfth Corps. Col. Hamlin straight line. The short sleeves are finished made a strong appeal for justice to the brave with a narrow lace-edged ruffle, as is the skirt. be succeeded by others arranged for by the Above the ruffle are rows of tucks, put in as Historical Committee, on Petersburg, the Keardaintily as hand-sewing can be made. It is sarge, etc. a simply-made little frock, and one that could be easily copied for more serviceable materials. Ginghams and lawns are pretty in this shown.

A woman who believed it her first duty to that we have any special freedom, and yet an | be beautiful, made for herself this set of rules: English woman visiting in New York said that Not to eat candy nor sweetmeats of any kind. it was perfectly exhibarating, the sense of per- To avoid icewater and wines, hot baths, and sonal freedom that she felt here. She never linen sheets. Then, she exercises enormously, before had walked out alone, although she was | eats the simplest food, and has herself rubbed 40 years old. When she was a child she was | with vaseline every night. That she has attended by her nurse or governess, then, by stuck to her resolves seems queer, for she has her maid or mother, and after she married by denied herself much that seems to as harmless. her husband. Although she enjoyed this inde- if not really necessary. But to her it is a pendence here, yet she expected to go back to matter of bright eyes and fresh complexion, so

> Leather chair-seats can be cleaned with the white of an egg.

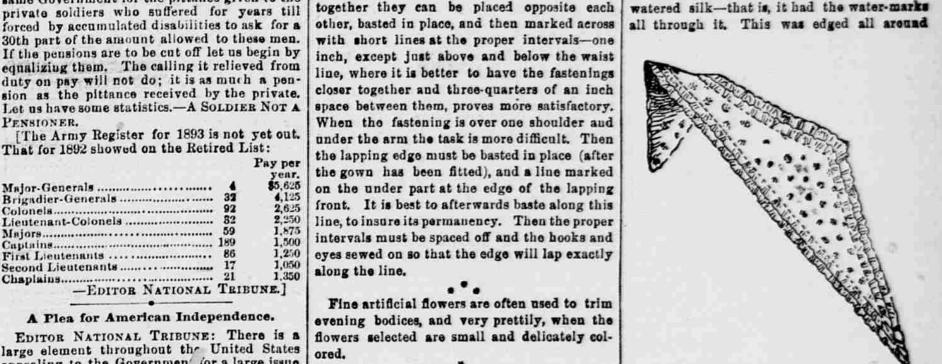
> . . A dessert that is said to be very good is "Tapioca Cream." Three tablespoonfuls of tapioca must be soaked in cold water over night. To one pint of boiling milk add the tapioca and let it cook for three-quarters of an hour. Then add the yolks of two eggs and a half cup of sugar. Let this cook until it becomes creamy, then put in a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Beat the white of the eggs up stiff, add to them a pint of whipped cream and sugar and flavoring to taste. Pour this over the tapioca. The dessert looks prettiest served in a glass dish.

> There are some rules for cake-making that are so old and well known that they are overlooked for that very reason-which doth not profit the cake any. Flour should be kept dry and cool. It should be sifted before it is used. Butter ought not to be melted when the directions call for creaming it. Eggs should be first broken in a cup, to test their freshness. Eggs that are to have the whites beaten must be broken so carefully that not a particle of yellow shall be in the whites. If the whites are to be beaten with an egg-heater, then a wide-necked pitcher is the handlest to use to hold them. The beaten whites of eggs should be added to the cake batter as near the last as possible. The cake should always be stirred the same way. Baking-powder, sifted in with a little of the flour, should be added at the last, and then the batter must be stirred as little as possible. There should be a brush kept specially to butter the cake pans with. After the pans are buttered it is well to dust them lightly with cracker crumbs or sugar.

Among the dainty things made nowadays

numerous and still pretty. They have monopolized the field ent. The one pictured is triangular,

It is most important that all care should be two yards long, about given to dress-fastenings. Buttons and button- a half yard wide in can be made of chiffon, or any gauzy material, and are very becoming. Another one made of



sold in the store, cost \$15, but it might be easily imitated at little cost, except, perhaps for the feathers. They did not look expensive. but were very soft and white and odd-looking.

The new ginghams, lawns and organdies

Rosegger, the Styrian poet, in his book, "All marriage: " If you think of marrying a woman, remember you marry three creatures, a young one, a middle-aged, and an old one. Unless one or two die before their time you marry a wife a mother, and a grandmother. In her you marry a lot of people you do not know. You don't marry for to-day or for to-morrow, but for life and for all sorts of situations. If she is gentle and wise and true you have a bride not only for the wedding-day, but for sickness and poverty and old age. If she is only handsome she will some day grow ugly, but if she is good and true she will stand wear. Try to know her before you take her."

ELSIE POMEROY MCELROY.

Loyal Legion of Massachusetts. The Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion began on Tuesday, Jan. 10, an interesting series of monthly papers with a talk upon "Chancellorsville," by Col. Augustus P. Hamlin, of Bangor, Historian of the Eleventh Army Corps, who explained Jackson's flank movement and the position of the Union troops at 5:30 on the 2d of May, '63, when Stonewall Jackson, with 34,000 men, enveloped our right flank and Devens's Division, and sent it back a broken remnant after a hard fight in the woods. The Colonel demonstrated that no corps in the Union army could have withstood such an attack in the position in which it found itself, facing to the south and enfiladed by Jackson's fire. He showed that there were no greater runners in the Eleventh Corps than in the

Canada Backs Down.

The Empire, the organ of the Canadian Government, announces that the tariff of canal style. Longer puffs reaching to the elbow or tolls adopted for the year 1893 puts an end to wrist can be substituted for the shoulder-sleeves | all discrimination against vessels, merchandise, or citizens of the United States.